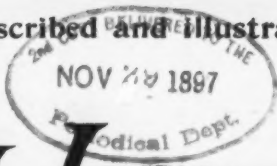


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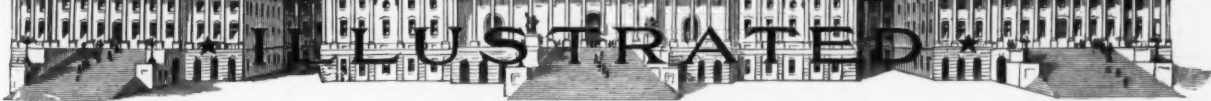
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The Philippine Islands and their revolt against Spain, described and illustrated in this number.



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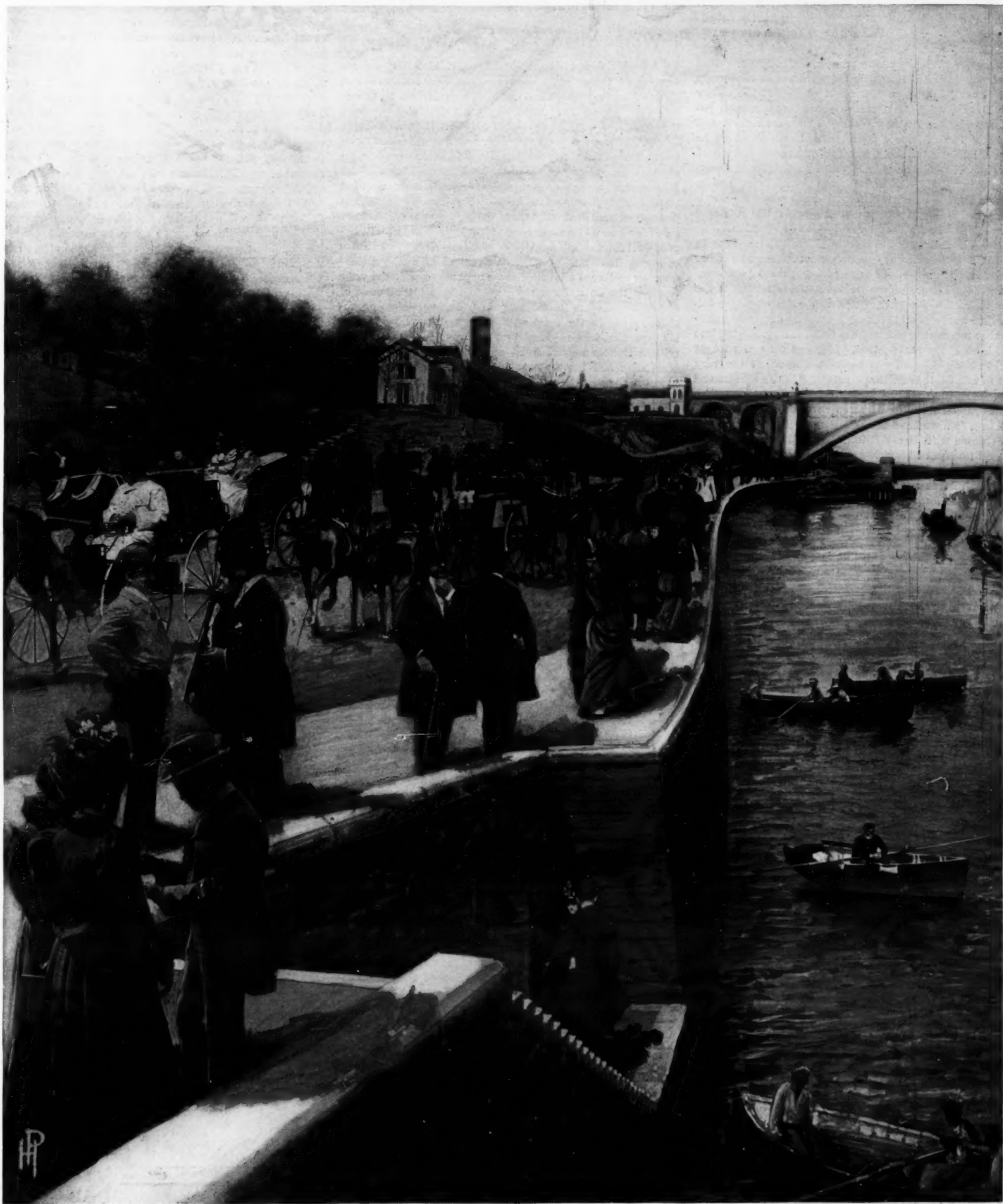
LESLIE'S WEEKLY



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NEW YORK, DECEMBER 2, 1897.

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A CONTINUOUS HORSE SHOW.

THE NEW SPEEDWAY BY THE HARLEM RIVER, UPPER NEW YORK CITY, CONSTRUCTED AT A COST OF THREE MILLION DOLLARS.
The speedway is practically a road race-track, where New-Yorkers who own and drive fast horses meet in friendly and exciting competition, in presence of an admiring public.
[SEE PAGE 362.]

LESLIE'S WEEKLY.

ARKELL WEEKLY COMPANY, Publishers and Proprietors,
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DECEMBER 2, 1897.

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Our Friends the Enemy.

ALMOST simultaneously that unique product of American genius and enterprise, Mr. Andrew Carnegie, and that unique leader of thought in the Episcopal Church, Bishop Doane, of Albany, appear in public as advocates of a policy of brotherly friendship, peace, and reconciliation with our British cousins.

Mr. Carnegie, in the *Contemporary Review* for November, expresses his belief that a great emergency would find Englishmen and Americans bound together in a common cause. Bishop Doane, in his recent address to the clergy of the Diocese of Albany, makes a plea that is almost pathetic for a more friendly feeling between England and America. The bishop is fresh from London, where he was in attendance at the Lambeth Conference, and where he was honored, as a number of other distinguished American bishops were, by an invitation to preach in St. Paul's. He comes back filled with generous ideas of English hospitality, a hospitality which is more frequently an evidence of English diplomacy than an indication of affection.

If the American is not as fond of his British cousin as he should be it is because our cousin has not encouraged either friendliness or familiarity. Try as hard as we may, we cannot forget the history of the Colonies, the bitterness of the insults that led to the War of 1812, the outrages which followed that war, and all the little fancied and fanciful grievances that the mother country has insisted on throwing into our face on every provocation. Nor can we easily forget the ghoulish glee with which Great Britain, at the very outset of our Civil War, threw herself into the conflict and did her utmost to sever the American Union. Scarcely a year has passed since the beginning of the American Revolution in which we have not had more or less serious diplomatic trouble with Great Britain. Of all the nations she has stood foremost in inviting the United States to tread on the tail of her coat.

But let this pass. We are now sufficiently strong and independent to forgive and forget a great deal in the interest of humanity and the cause of civilization and Christianity, for which the good Bishop of Albany so earnestly and so eloquently pleads. We will not disagree with him for a moment when he says, "Our public men are, by the force of our constant political changes, untrained either in the arts or the language of diplomacy," and it is true also, and it is still more unfortunate, that "our statesmen forget the art and language of courtesy."

A war with England would be a terrible matter for the entire civilized world. The Bishop of Albany is justified in rebuking the unbridled violence of partisan newspapers in treating with our foreign relations, but we cannot agree with him that our school-books of history are not correctly telling the story of the Revolution, and that our children should be taught that the England of a hundred years ago is as different from the England of to-day as the America of this century is different from the America of the Revolution.

Our school-books are right, the people are right, and our country is right just as it is; and if serious difficulties with our friends across the water arise we are quite sure that the provocation will not come from this side, for however much of pyrotechnics there may be in American politics, there abides deep in the hearts of the people a sense of right and a fixed determination to permit no wrong.

A Scene for a Painter.

SOME eminent painter no doubt will find in the graphic details of the re-capture of Dargai Ridge in India by the Gordon Highlanders, on October 20th, the subject for a great picture. The ascent of Dargai Ridge is a sheer rock ascending two hundred yards, and the British were therefore exposed to a murderous fire from the natives. The attack was made, nevertheless, and bloody carnage resulted. While the British line was wavering, the Gordon Highlanders were ordered to take the position at any cost, and advanced in a leaden rain with the pipers in front. One of the pipers led the way across a deadly stretch of ground towards the ascent, and was shot through both legs, but propped himself up against a boulder and continued to play the stirring music of his bagpipe while his comrades marched on. The Highlanders carried the day, and the piper—Findlater by name—has been recommended for the Victoria cross.

India has witnessed many sanguinary encounters on the field of battle, and many heroic deeds stand to the credit of the native troops who have vied with the Highlanders in the soldiers' struggle for the coveted prize of the Victoria cross. Lord Roberts, in telling the story of "The

British in India," says that at the siege of Lucknow, when a small opening had been made in the wall of the Sikanderbagh, which was guarded by thousands of Sepoys, there was magnificent emulation among the troops—Highlanders and Mohammedans—to see who should go first through the deadly opening. One after the other rushed in, only to meet a hero's death, until at last the incoming crowd cleared the passage in safety. Later, when the fleeing enemy rushed through the heavy doors of the gate-way and sought to close them, a Mohammedan soldier pushed his arm bearing his shield between the gates to prevent them from being shut, and when his hand was wounded by a sword-thrust he drew it out and quickly thrust in his other arm, and the enemy cut it almost in two; but he had gained sufficient time to accomplish his purpose—the gates could not be closed before the swarming British infantry came up and made their way in. The history of the Indian mutiny is full of such incidents, furnishing abundant proof that true courage and unselfish heroism are often found when they might least be expected.

Worse than the Tweed Infamy.

WE doubt if in the history of this country a more shameful public scandal has ever occurred than that which has recently been disclosed in Philadelphia. For many years that city has been the owner of a fine and extensive plant for the manufacture of gas. It was the people's pride, and was estimated to be worth more than thirty million dollars. Recently an independent gas company, headed by Thomas Dolan, John Wanamaker, and other gentlemen of wealth and "eminent respectability," offered to lease the gas-works for thirty years on a basis that gave them an immense plant, a fixed price for gas, and a monopoly of the business in Philadelphia—all for the payment of a small royalty. Syndicates of strong men made various better tenders, one syndicate offering to accept a lease of the works on exactly the same terms as the Dolan company, and to add a clear bonus of one million dollars for the benefit of the city. This proposition, made in the most straightforward way by responsible parties, was rejected by the city councils. The one million dollars was spurned and the lease was given to Mr. Dolan and the respectable gentlemen associated with him.

We doubt if a more shameful act was ever committed in the annals of any municipality, and it was done in the face of vigorous protests by the Municipal League and by some of the most eminent citizens of Philadelphia. Had the city councils offered the lease to the highest bidder, the municipality could have realized from ten million to twenty million dollars more than it will receive under the accepted offer. The Tweed gang who stole from ten million to fifteen million dollars in the court-house job in New York City were Tammany Hall Democrats. Philadelphia—a Republican city—shows how such things can be done on the wholesale plan. And what will the good people of Philadelphia do about it?

Spain's Two Revolutions.

ON another page of this number of *LESLIE'S WEEKLY*, in conjunction with some pictorial views of the Philippine Islands, is published a very interesting article contributed by a native of that rich dependency of Spain, descriptive of its resources and condition, and giving an account of the present status of the revolution in progress there. In many respects it is a parallel case with that of Cuba.

The history of the Philippines, in tropical eastern Asia, like that of the "pearl of the Antilles," is one of centuries of Spanish rapacity and misrule, under which a naturally peaceable and loyal population has been driven to implacable revolt. The Cubans took up arms three years ago, and against appalling odds have achieved results which compel the respect and sympathy of the whole civilized world. The Philippine insurgents struck their first blow at Cavite in 1895, and have kept up for two years already a struggle which, while far more formidable than the Spanish reports acknowledge, has not been thus far characterized by the success, nor possessed of the elements of success, pertaining to the Cuban cause. Why this is so our contributor clearly and consistently explains. One of the reasons he assigns constitutes in itself a revelation of the greatest interest. It appears that the two revolutions were to have been made co-operative against Spain; and José Martí, the master spirit of the Cuban organization, was about to proceed to the Philippines when his career was cut short by a martyr's death.

The patriots' war in the East, therefore, has progressed more slowly, though perhaps not less surely, than the kindred cause in Cuba. If, as our correspondent claims, the insurgents of Luzon have now a force of twenty-five thousand men in the field, preparing for a vigorous and concerted campaign, to be supported by a junta established in China or Japan, their cause must assume in the eyes of the nations an importance, an interest, and an aspect of hopefulness comparable to that which is being fought out at our threshold.

The latest dispatches from Manila, via Madrid, bring reports of rather a self-contradictory nature, intimating that the rebel leaders have made overtures of submission

to the Spanish Captain-General Primo de Rivera. Unsupported statements of this kind from Spanish sources, regarding both Cuba and the Philippines, are too common to meet with prompt acceptance as authentic news.

For and Against Foot-ball.

WHILE the Governor of Arkansas was writing a letter to the president of the Arkansas State University, condemning foot-ball as a brutal sport and recommending its discontinuance, the Reverend Charles J. Cameron, in a Presbyterian pulpit at Cambridge, Massachusetts, was preaching a sermon in defense of foot-ball and other athletic games. The preacher is an old foot-ball player, and he gave his word that there is no brutality about the game; that the training for it makes men physically perfect and mentally and morally sound.

Governor Black, of New York, a graduate of Dartmouth, in his remarks at the recent dedication exercises at Hamilton College, said "that struggle is always the order of existence. It is the price we pay for living. It extends to every spot where natural laws hold sway. Contention is the root of every enterprise, and cause of many failures. A blessing to-day, a curse to-morrow, it is still the order everywhere. We cannot change its tendency, for it is fixed and immutable, and the motions of the universe depend upon it. . . . Through all the history of the world the struggle has been mainly between the upper and the under. Equality will never be maintained. One must have the mastery. In this fact lies the scholar's opportunity." Our cultured Governor was not discussing the subject of foot-ball when he used these words, but one might find in them a fair argument for athletic diversions.

The prominence given to athletics by leading colleges has done more to foster a desire for physical culture among the young people of this country than anything else that has happened in our time, not excepting the invention of the bicycle. Wherever a school or an academy is found, there foot-ball is the favorite sport among the pupils. It is an out-door exercise calling into play all the muscles, and putting a premium on manliness, patience, and perseverance.

The life of the American school-boy has been lived too much in the class-room and the study. He will be the better fitted for life in college, and for the struggle for supremacy which will come later, if he has taken his part, moderately and sensibly, of course, in foot-ball, the most active and exhilarating of out-door sports.

An Independent Theatre.

THE latest project for the elevation of the stage in New York has assumed the title of the Criterion Independent Theatre, and started in with a matinée performance of Ibsen's "John Gabriel Borkmann." If their financial backing holds out, the organizers of the movement propose to continue their praiseworthy and disinterested work in a series of ten performances, producing high-class plays of an educational tendency, for the most part written or translated by members of the Criterion Independent Theatre's comprehensive staff. The scene of the experiment is Hoyt's Theatre, a house identified with such frivolities as "The Proper Caper" and "A Stranger in New York"—plays which, while popular with the unenlightened masses, are quite valueless as elevators.

We hope the Criterion Independent missionaries will be more successful in the good cause than were their predecessors of the lamented Theatre of Arts and Letters. If they are not it will be because they have been deceived, or have deceived themselves, as to the possibilities of independence in their scheme. They pretend to be independent. Independent of what? Why, of the public demand, approval, and support—in other words, of the public taste in theatricals. But the inevitable condition of independence in this direction is absolute and abject dependence in another—namely, upon private subsidy. The moment a theatrical or any other public enterprise becomes thus "independent," its finish is in sight. No "angel," no syndicate, not even a national government, can long continue to support a non-paying institution without a vote of confidence from its public constituency.

No doubt the Criterion Independents cherish the hope of educating the public by elevating the stage. Alas! they have got hold of the wrong end of the stick. A man, we fear, might as well try to elevate himself by lifting upon the straps of his boots.

Perfect Rhymes in Boston.

A BIT of current nonsense-verse, of the kind that Edward Lear gave a popular impetus to, relates that

"There was an old man of Calcutta
Who had an unfortunate stutter,
'I would like,' he once said,
'Some b-b-b-b-bread
And some b-b-b-b-b-butter.'"

This is very apt and clever, as such verses go, but the interesting point to it is that it is from a Boston newspaper, the *Transcript*, and quite unintentionally it gives a fine example of the elimination of the letter R from the orthoepy of the Hub. It is not poetic license that makes Calcutta rhyme here with stutter and butter, but custom.

ary Boston pronunciation. As another case in point, if a native Bostonian wished to pronounce the word "barber" he would make its two syllables correspond almost exactly in sound with the double bleat of a lamb—*baa-baa*.

PEOPLE TALKED ABOUT

—One of the leading lights of the younger water colorists of New York—of the "club" that begins to rival with its improving annual exhibits the older "society"—is Mr. W. Merritt Post, who was represented at this year's exhibition by half a dozen characteristic New Jersey and Long Island landscapes. Mr. Post is a few years past thirty, and a man of very charming personality. There used to be a time when every New York artist knew the Adirondacks as well as he knew the interior of his own studio; to-day few know the North Woods better than Mr. Post knows them, for it was while he was exploring them in search of health that he made his first sketches and turned to art as a vocation. He has been a resident of New York for many years and is well known socially.

—Colonel Charles Page Bryan, of Chicago, is receiving "rafts" of congratulations from all parts of the country upon his appointment by President McKinley to be envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary of the United States to China. He supersedes in this important diplomatic post Minister Denby, who has occupied the place since the beginning of President Cleveland's first term. Colonel Bryan is forty-two years old, a Chicagoan by birth, was educated at the University of Virginia and the Columbian Law School, and admitted to the Bar at Washington, D. C., in 1878. The year following he went to Colorado, engaged in journalism in Denver, was elected to the Legislature, and served in both houses of that body. In 1883 he returned to Illinois, took up his residence in Elmhurst, and was sent to the Legislature in 1890. He has been re-elected every succeeding term since that time. His title of colonel comes from his appointments on the military staff of Governors Fifer, Oglesby, and Altgeld. Colonel Bryan has ever interested himself in labor legislation. His work in the Legislature has been of a fearless, high-principled kind, and he has served on many important committees. He is well known as one of the hardest workers in the Republican party of Illinois, and one of the most independent and aggressive. His candidacy for the speakership, in the last session of the Legislature, was conducted with an adroitness and energy that made him a prime factor in the many-sided contest, from which he finally withdrew. He became the active leader of the Mason forces at the time when the present Senator's fortunes were at lowest ebb, and by indefatigable loyalty helped him to the high seat he now occupies. Colonel Bryan is a traveled man, and an expert linguist. In 1890 he made a tour of England, France, Germany, and Scandinavia in the interest of the Columbian Exposition; and again in 1891-2, as secretary of the commission of which his father, Hon. Thomas B. Bryan, was president, he helped canvass southern Europe for the world's fair.

—Privy-Councilor Dr. von Holleben, Germany's new ambassador to Washington, is no stranger to America. At a time when Germany was still content with a legation in Washington, Dr. von Holleben was her minister from 1891 to 1893, without particularly having captivated American society. His diplomatic career, extending over a quarter of a century, includes service in China, Japan, South America, and lastly as Prussia's representative at the neighboring court of Wurtemberg. Although a stickler for military privileges—and which Prussian is not!—he has turned his attention to political economy rather than martial science. Those who remember the social geniality of Saurma-Jeltsch and Baron von Ketteler will be disappointed in the Junker spirit which Dr. von Holleben still displays. Only in the immediate company of his diplomatic confrères does he expect to unbend, and thaw the somewhat frigid temper which has become a topic of humorous comment at the genial court in Stuttgart.

—Mrs. Elia W. Peattie's fertile pen has produced a new book—a volume of short stories which she calls "Pippins and Cheese"—while it is announced that another, an ambitious novel, is in the printer's hands, and that she has recently put the finishing touches on an operetta. And all the while she has been furnishing a mass of "copy" regularly every day for a Chicago newspaper, as she has done, indeed, for ten years or more. Mrs. Peattie is the wife of Robert B. Peattie, who, after establishing a reputation in Chicago as a dramatic critic, became managing editor of the Omaha World-Herald, the paper

that Bryan subsequently made famous through his editorial connection with it. Like most women of the press who marry members of their own profession—like Helen Watterson Moody, for example, and Jennie June Croly—she has become the better-known half of the partnership. Since the appearance of her first literary efforts in Eastern magazines, a few years ago, Mrs. Peattie's work has been watched with interest. Chicago ranks her next to Lillian Bell, and that is higher praise than it may seem.

—Upon the Earl of Aberdeen, Governor-General of Canada, Princeton University has lately conferred the degree of LL.D.



THE EARL OF ABERDEEN.

In his remarks on the occasion of his formal acceptance, Lord Aberdeen alluded to an anomalous fact that has often occurred to both Canadians and Americans: "When we meet as individuals we experience nothing but courtesy and hospitality; yet public utterances from time to time in various quarters do not always harmonize with that attitude." The remark is a just one, and it is to be hoped that such friendly visits as this made by the distinguished Governor-General and Lady Aberdeen will dissipate the feeling of incompatibility that seemingly exists between the two countries. Lord Aberdeen is a native Scotchman, being a grandson of the famous George Hamilton Gordon, Earl of Aberdeen, who was prime minister before Gladstone, and became conspicuous during the Crimean War. He is a graduate of Oxford and entered the House of Lords a Conservative, but, like many of his eminent predecessors in English politics, became finally a staunch member of the Liberal party. Mr. Gladstone rewarded him with the viceroyship of Ireland. He first visited the United States in 1877, making a number of notable speeches on the home-rule question. He is one of the largest land-owners of Scotland, as well as the possessor of large estates in Canada, the latter of which are largely devoted to the raising and breeding of horses for the imperial army. The Countess of Aberdeen is a gracious and handsome lady, and has deservedly won the hearts of the Canadians. As the mistress of Rideau Hall, her hospitality is lavish and elegant. Her especial philanthropic work has been in the direction of stimulating self-helpful industry among the lower classes. She is practically the organizer and at the head of the Onward and Upward Society in Ireland and Canada, which now has a membership of some fifteen thousand. Lady Aberdeen belongs to one of the richest and most powerful families in England. She is a daughter of Sir Dudley Coutts Marjoribanks, Lord Tweedmouth.

—A romance of real life in America to-day is embodied in the strange, eventful history of the negro ex-Congressman John Mercer Langston, who died in Washington last week. He was born in 1829, a slave to a white father—Ralph Quarles, of Louisa County, Virginia. Under provision of his father's will he was freed and educated in Oberlin College, Ohio. He studied theology, but became a lawyer, practicing successfully in that State. He was elected to several town offices. When the war commenced he raised by his own efforts two colored regiments, but declined a colonelship. He came to Washington during the war, became president of Howard University, and was made minister to Hayti by President Hayes. After his return to the United States Mr. Langston removed to Petersburg, Virginia, and became president of a colored college at that place. He soon began to take an active interest in Virginia politics, and was one of the three colored members of the Fifty-first Congress, having been seated after a spirited contest on September 23d, 1890. Professor Langston had honors conferred upon him by several colleges and universities, and received several honorary memberships from scientific and literary societies in foreign countries. He was a man of striking personal appearance—slight and graceful of figure, with the complexion of a creole. His features were good, betraying no African characteristics, and his long hair and beard were snow-white at the time of his death. He was a man of great dignity of manner, and addressed every one with whom he had intercourse with extreme courtesy.

—Mr. John R. Spears has long been known as one of the most enterprising and interesting newspaper correspondents in this country. He has gone far afield for his subjects, and has given us better descriptions of the out-of-the-way places in North and South America than any of his contemporaries we can recall. This constant travel and observation was, we always felt, a preparation for a more enduring work than the mere printing in the newspapers of accounts of the strange and interesting things that he saw. Now Mr. Spears has justified this expectation, for he has prepared and the Scribners have published a history of the United States Navy in four volumes. This is a complete work, and is also a fascinating story. Singularly enough, though in England the naval heroes are the men

upon whom the common people pin their greatest affections, in the United States we know them only in a vague way, and think of them rather as creatures of romance than as actual fellow-countrymen, bone of our bone and flesh of our flesh. This is no doubt due to the fact that the great mass of us do not come in contact with naval men, and the very large majority live and die without ever beholding a man-of-war. But it is to our navy that we must look to preserve the peace; it is the navy upon which we must depend in time of foreign war. It is, therefore, a patriotic work in Mr. Spears to make known the glorious story of the American war-ships at sea, for our naval heroes have never faltered from 1775, when John Paul Jones raised his flag, till to-day—it has been a hundred and twenty-two years of undimmed glory, and every true American will take pride in reading this interesting record of duty well fulfilled.

—Nearly four thousand people witnessed the marriage of Arthur St. Andrassy and Charlotte Wiberg in the lions' cage at the Boston Zoo, on the evening of November 4th. One thousand more, who wanted to see the sensational marriage ceremony, were denied admission owing to a lack of room. Rev.



MR. AND MRS. ST. ANDRASSY.
Photograph by E. Chickering.

George Reader, a Methodist clergyman of Ohio, who happened to be in Boston at the time, performed the ceremony. He stood outside the cage attended by a little brother of the groom, and a maid-of-honor of tender years. There was all the pomp and splendor of a church marriage attending the ceremony, the wedding march by a well-known organist, a surpliced boy choir, rich floral decorations, and plenty of guests to wish the young couple a happy life. The bride and groom, preceded by the keeper of the two big lions, Caesar and Cleopatra, entered the cage. The steel-bar door clicked behind them. Four stalwart young men attendants armed with iron picks took up their positions at the four corners of the cage on the outside. The keeper commanded the lions to retire to their corners. They reluctantly obeyed, all the while fiercely eying the bride and the groom. They walked around the cage and took a good look at the couple, and then lay down in a corner, yawning and roaring alternately, arousing the immense audience to a pitch of excitement. Finally, the couple were told to advance to the centre of the cage. They did so without the least hesitation. The ceremony then began. They answered the questions of the clergyman without a tremor in their voices. In five minutes the ceremony was over. They remained a few minutes longer to have a flash-light picture taken of them standing in the cage. As they emerged from the home of the lions, both heaved a sigh of relief.

—The fact that the suit of Alexander E. Doyle, the sculptor, against the editor of the New York Tribune in the matter of the Greeley statue has gone against the plaintiff will probably be regarded as further evidence that the statue is not a *chef d'œuvre*. But whatever difference of opinion there may be as to Mr. Doyle's artistic capability as revealed in the work in question, there can be none in regard to his qualifications as one of the best of good fellows. His is an illuminating presence at a dinner table or after. Mr. Doyle is big and hearty, and a few years past forty. He is an Ohioan by birth, but was "brought up" in Kentucky. Several of his years of student life were passed in Italy, and he is now a New-Yorker by adoption.

—Miss Grace Espy Patton, who as superintendent of public instruction is head of Colorado's educational department, is probably the youngest office-holding woman in the country. She is just thirty years of age, small, dark, womanly, and winsome in manner. Miss Patton not only ranks among the foremost of Western educators, but during the recent Colorado campaign her speeches were accounted the brightest and wittiest made from the platform. An Indian story, "Chalchihuitl," has drawn attention to her in the field of literature. Politically, Miss Patton represents the Democratic-Silver-Republican fusion ticket. She is a native of Crawford County, Pennsylvania, and a graduate of the Colorado State College. Many valuable improvements have been introduced by her into the school system of Colorado.

MISS GRACE ESPY PATTON.



DR. VON HOLLEBEN.



GRAND-STAND OF THE RACE-TRACK OF SANTA MESA, NEAR MANILA.



NATIVE AGRICULTURE OF THE PHILIPPINE ISLANDS—PLOWING.



NATIVE VILLAGE OF ALBAY.



THE ESCOLTA, MAIN BUSINESS STREET OF MANILA.



DRYING SUGAR, AT A FACTORY ON THE ISLAND OF LUZON.



CERVANTES SQUARE, MANILA.



THE NEW CATHEDRAL AT MANILA, WITH THE RUINED TOWER OF THE OLD STRUCTURE, DESTROYED BY THE EARTHQUAKE OF 1880.

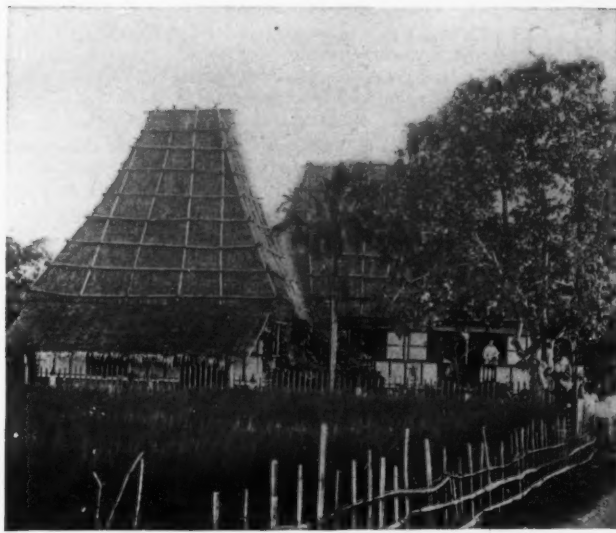
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[SEE ARTICLE ON PAGE 359.]



NEGRITOS OF PAMPANGO.



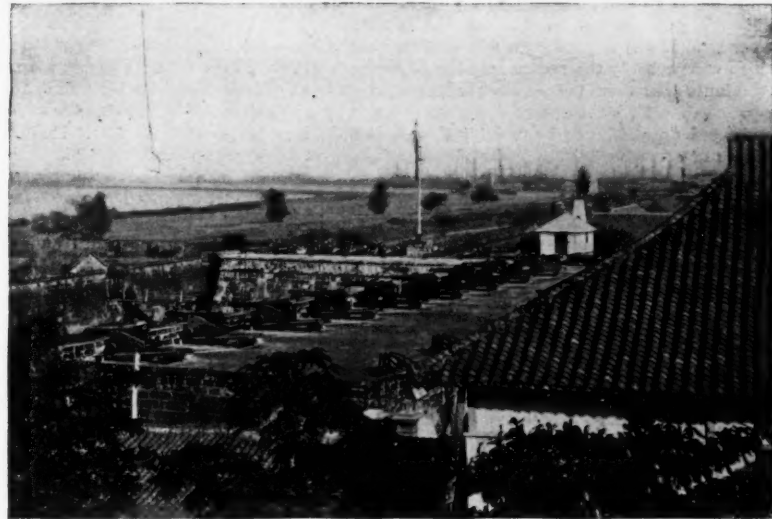
NATIVE ARCHITECTURE IN A PHILIPPINE VILLAGE.



SPANISH CONVENT AND SHRINE OF ANTIPOLLO.



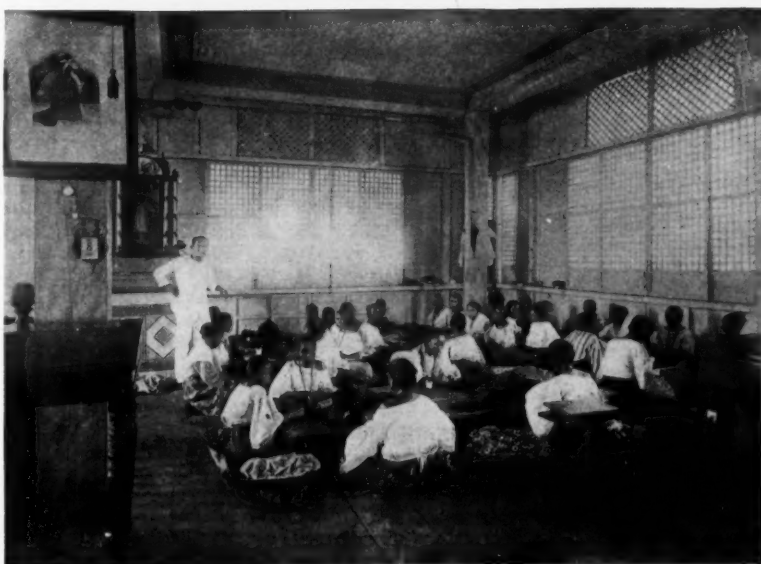
VOLCANO OF ALBAY.



SPANISH FORTIFICATIONS NEAR MANILA.



TOWN OF CAVITE, WHERE THE REVOLUTION STARTED.



MAKING MANILA CHEROOTS.



NATIVE BOYS AT WORK IN A TOBACCO FACTORY.

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[SEE ARTICLE ON PAGE 359.]

HALF AN HOUR.

BY PRISCILLA LEONARD.

It was a lovely September afternoon in the year of our Lord 1893. The world's fair was in full swing, and the white city by the lake was filled with sight-seers from every part of the land. People sundered from each other for long years by the length or breadth of the continent met in the broad aisles of the buildings or on the seats of a gondola, and Kalamazoo rubbed shoulders with Tallahassee in the endeavor to see the jewelry exhibit or the big locomotives. Most crowded and most cosmopolitan of all, as usual, was that kaleidoscopic attachment, the Midway Plaisance, where, from the South Sea Islanders to the Ferris wheel, the wide highway was thronged with multitudinous enjoyment. And Tommy was taking it all in as only a small and eagerly-curious boy knows how to do.

Tommy and his aunt Isabel—I put Tommy first because that was the order of things, his aunt having taken charge of him that afternoon because he had already tired out his mother—had been through a good deal. They had investigated the Javanese village and old Vienna, the panorama of the Bernese Alps, and the Esquimaux settlement, and seen the Hindoo jugglers; consequently, though Tommy was as fresh as paint, Miss Bernard was slightly tired, and glad to sit down on the benches of Hagenbach's great animal show, which was Tommy's next objective point. It was a good seat, with a fine view of the ring; which was probably the reason why the young man who came in a minute after them took the last seat on the row, next to Tommy.

Isabel glanced up at him as he took his place. Luckily, he was oblivious of anything beyond Tommy's seat. She turned quickly away—a movement which naturally brought the young man's eyes upon her. He started in his turn, with quite as much dismay in his face as she had shown, and also looked diligently at the stage. It was, truly, most embarrassing for both. When two young people have been deeply in love, have been engaged with the consent and approbation of everybody, and have broken off with each other in a violent lovers' quarrel within six months, it is bad enough to have to meet in a ball-room or on the street; but to sit almost side by side in a public place for half an hour is an ordeal to be dreaded, indeed. And especially when a man has left New York and gone to San Francisco simply in order to put leagues of continent between himself and the girl, and when the girl has been hoping and praying that she may forget him and never see him again, it is a little hard for both to seem unconscious and cordial before a small nephew.

It had to be done, however; for Tommy recognized Mr. Dick Farquhar at once, and having a great admiration for his own sex and an equally lofty contempt for the weaker one, directed his questions and observations entirely to him. Isabel, after smiling politely but coldly, fixed her eyes, in desperate attention, upon those wonderful but, to her, totally uninteresting animals, the hounds, the pony, and the lion, who were trotting in some marvelous manœuvre before her unseeing eyes. She was vividly conscious, though she despised herself for it, of every word which Dick was saying to the inquisitive Tommy. "Yes, he had seen bears—yes, he had shot one or two—no, he was not living in New York any more—yes, he had the same horse—yes, this was better than the circus." But this last remark was made in such a palpably perfunctory way that it was evident that he was not enjoying it at all.

Isabel hoped he didn't. She hoped he was feeling as embarrassed and miserable as she was. He deserved it, too. He ought to have had sense enough, at such a place, not to get into the seat next to Tommy. He always did go straight ahead without thinking—she knew that—and then, he was near sighted. But that was no excuse. Did he expect her to make some every-day remark to him? She couldn't do it—and whether she could or not, she wouldn't. No one—no girl in her place could be expected to be more than icily polite to the man who had pretended to love her so, and then doubted her just because she was ordinarily courteous to a man he didn't like, and commanded—yes, commanded her to do just his will and pleasure in the matter. Nobody ever said "must" to her—he ought to have known that. He ought not to have brought everything to that point and made it impossible for her to refuse without breaking their engagement. Of course, she had to break it—she would have died rather than do it, but then, she would have died rather than submit, too. Her pretty mouth quivered as she thought of the cruel unreasonableness of man.

Dick, out of the corner of his eye—for near-sighted people see a great deal—noticed the rebellious line of the mouth, and concluded that she was as willful as ever. It had all been her doing. It wasn't her fault at first, of course—he owned up to that now. He could see that it was just because she was so innocent and cordial that she should have been friendly to that very objectionable Englishman who came from no one knew where, and had managed to get into her sister's set. But then, Isabel ought to have understood that her lover was the authority on such points for her. It was just because he loved her so that he interfered so decidedly; and if she had had one spark of real love for him she would have yielded and not have made a point about it. The point being made, of course he had to carry it through like a man, even if he hung the whole happiness of his life upon the victory or defeat of his will. Didn't she realize that—and that it was the only thing a man could do?

Tommy broke in upon the meditations of the pair at this juncture with, "Aunt Isabel, don't you think Mr. Farquhar's dog was prettier than those are? I mean his big dog."

Now an engaged couple are apt to have certain associations with places and things. Dick's big dog—certainly a noble animal—was indelibly associated, for instance, with a certain afternoon walk, and that walk, again, with certain very private and personal matters between the two. Tommy, unconsciously, had done his worst.

"Mr. Farquhar's dog, of course, is far prettier, dear," Isabel answered, bravely; but she felt a burning flush mounting to her cheeks, and hoped, agonizingly, that Dick didn't remember as clearly as she did. Men were so fickle that perhaps they for-

got. As for her, she never could forget. She wasn't sure she wanted to, now that she saw Dick again. She believed in him; she knew he was good and true and all that, and she knew they would have been happy together. She never should care for anybody else. She never, never would have broken the engagement by herself. She wasn't ashamed of having loved him, though she was very, very angry with him still, and never wanted to speak to him or see him. She supposed she never would get over it, for here, at this moment, though she had not seen him for six months, she felt a worse pang than at their parting. She was even glad that she had seen him, that she was sitting near him, though after this half-hour she would never see him again. But that was all—to speak, to raise a finger, to let him see any trace of relenting from her firm attitude, would be impossible and unwomanly. Her life was broken in pieces and it was his fault—and she loved him still. Well, it was a woman's fate!

Poor Isabel's eyes filled up with tears here, as she contemplated the tiger riding on his bicycle, and reflected that the show must be nearly over. Tommy, meanwhile, having been disappointed in her reception of his remarks, prattled on a while to Dick, and finding him also strangely unresponsive, subsided into silent admiration of the acrobatic lioness.

Dick pulled away at his mustache as was his wont when in deep thought. His mind, too, was back upon the afternoon walks. She was just the sweetest girl in the world; he couldn't get away from that. He had met all the prettiest girls in San Francisco, and tried his best to fall in love with some of them, and couldn't rouse himself to care sixpence for the prettiest. A girl ought to realize, when she threw a man over that way, that she ruined his life. He never could love anybody else—and he didn't want to! Here he had been trying to forget all about her, and now every smallest part of the old overmastering feeling had come back as he sat near her and looked at her pretty, half-averted face and graceful figure. She had the prettiest foot in the world. He would be almost willing to have it set upon his neck! But no; that wasn't manly—it wasn't right to yield. It was her fault, and he couldn't submit to it—but he loved her just the same. And now that that confounded lion in a velvet robe was driving a team of tigers round the ring, he supposed the show was about over—and he could go back to San Francisco and she would go back to New York, and they would never see each other again.

The animals trotted nimbly out of the ring; the iron doors closed upon them; the crowd rose hurriedly to go forth in search of more shows. Dick felt that politeness at least required a farewell bow; and as Isabel seemed bent upon freeing her dress from some projection on the bench, and did not turn, he hesitated before stepping out into the aisle. Tommy scuffled past him, and Isabel reluctantly left her pretense of absorption and followed. In three seconds these two who loved each other better than anything else upon earth, and who were no more fools than the ordinary, would have parted forever. Nothing could have induced either of them to forego their evident stand on the right of things—nothing—except a nail on the floor, which caught the edge of Isabel's shoe, tripped her violently, and threw her, in an entirely helpless and undignified way, full into Dick's arms.

No resolution can be blamed for giving way under a surprise like that. It was all very well for them to sit apart and argue the matter to themselves and come to irrevocable conclusions. But when a man finds the one woman in the world whom he loves flung close into his arms by fate, and when a woman feels herself in the embrace of the only man she ever has loved or can love, irrevocability becomes but a name. It was all over with the resolutions in a flash. Every feeling of anger and determination that had tormented the two hearts in that wretched half-hour crystallized at the shock into love, irresistible and overwhelming. The matter was settled then and there, without a word. The amount of tenderness in Dick's touch, and the entire yielding of Isabel's figure, said more than a volume of explanations. And when, after a lapse of a second or two more, perhaps, than was quite necessary, she regained her equilibrium, they would have stood there as in an ecstatic dream if Tommy had not broken the charmed silence by an imperious demand to be taken to see the Street in Cairo at once.

The Rustling of the Leaves.

THERE is something sort of cozy when the leaves begin to rustle, As the boys go tramping through them in the hollows of the street.

Or hold down some laughing playmate—though he gives them quite a tussle—

While they cover him completely with Dame Nature's winding-sheet.

I can taste the wholesome flavor of the frost in nuts and apples When I hear the dead leaves whisper that their summer work is done;

And I feel the bracing presence of the ice-king as he grapples With the steaming lakes and rivers, and enchains them every one.

Then a picture of the hearth-side rises bright and clear before me— Such a pleasant, home-like picture, of a biting winter night— And a longing for my boyhood, warm and wistful, rushes o'er me, For the little farm-house kitchen and the pine floor sanded white.

When the autumn leaves were falling and the frosty nights came early,

How we loved to draw up closer to the wood-fire's cheerful blaze,

Watch the flame eat out the maple, with its heart so veined and curly,

And sit spellbound by the stories grandpa told of battle-days!

Yes, they all come back to cheer me—happy days that I remember— When I hear the leaves a-rustling as the school-boys scuffle by; And I think there's something cozy in the gloom of bleak November, For the hearth-fire of my boyhood paints a picture on the sky.

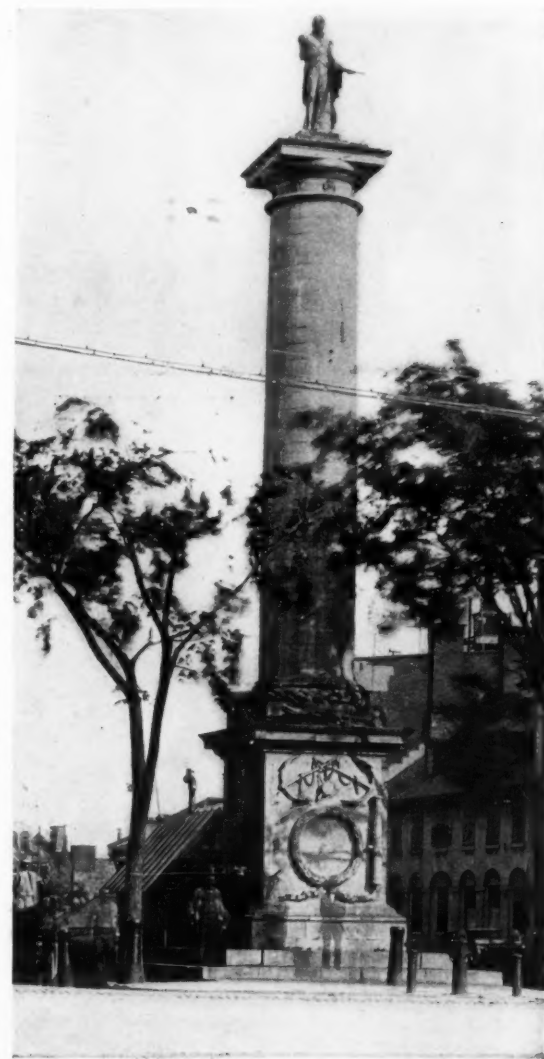
JAMES BUCKHAM.

Nelson's Neglected Monument—A Love Story.

ON Jacques Cartier Square, in old Montreal, stands a monument erected to Britain's greatest naval hero, Lord Nelson, who annihilated the combined navies of France and Spain at Trafalgar, October 21st, 1805, and died amid the thunders of his mightiest victory.

This monument has been an offensive reminder to the French Canadians for many years, and consequently has been allowed to fall into very bad repair. An attempt was made to blow it up at one time, and the gaping crevices and shattered stones have never been restored, as the English had no desire to fan to life the slumbering French-Canadian prejudice. No tribute of respect, nor attempt to protect it from vandalism, has been made by the Montreal authorities for years, and not until the last anniversary, the past month, has Nelson's memory been recognized by decorating the Jacques Cartier Square monument. The Army and Navy Veteran Association this year imitated the custom prevalent at the Trafalgar Square monument in London, and decorated the Nelson monument at Montreal with four flags, one of a royal standard entwined with the tricolor of France, the two others being Union Jacks, above which was hung a wreath of white immortelles; while at the base was a huge bouquet of carnations, chrysanthemums, asters, and ferns.

The change of sentiment in respect to the Nelson monument is due to the premier, Sir Wilfrid Laurier, who is a French Canadian, and who was Canada's representative at the Queen's jubilee, a marked feeling of liberality and cordiality having



THE LONG NEGLECTED NELSON MONUMENT AT MONTREAL.

sprung up between the two nationalities since his return from England.

A pretty little romance gives Nelson's memory a sentimental interest in Canada. During his service at Quebec, in 1782, when he was but twenty-four years of age, he became infatuated with a beautiful Canadian girl, Mary Simpson, daughter of a great Canadian merchant of the period. At the time of Nelson's visit she was but sixteen years old, marvelously beautiful and witty. On the 14th of October, 1782, Lord Nelson's ship, the *Albemarle*, was ready to sail, and he had a very sad and tender parting with Mary Simpson, and went down the St. Lawrence to board the man-of-war. The next morning arrived and the *Albemarle* did not heave anchor, and Captain Nelson was seen coming back to Quebec in a boat. A friend of Nelson's, a man prominent in Quebec at the time, espied him and asked him what had happened. Nelson is quoted as having said: "I find it absolutely impossible to leave this place without again waiting upon her whose society has so much added to its charms, and laying myself and my fortune at her feet." Nelson's friend protested against such a rash act, and told him that, "situated as you are at present, your utter ruin will inevitably follow." "Then let it follow," replied Nelson, earnestly, "for I am resolved to do it." But despite his intentions, the stronger will of his friend prevailed, and he was fairly carried back to his ship and forced to leave behind the girl he loved; and it was many years before he gave up the hope of possessing her—for Nelson never returned to Canada, and Mary Simpson died in spinsterhood.

EDWIN WILDMAN.

The Philippine Revolution.



MUCH has appeared in the American newspapers and magazines about Cuba, where the brave people for three years have been fighting for their liberty against Spanish tyranny and oppression. But at the same time, while the valiant fight made by the Cubans has been watched in the United States with intense interest, the struggle of the inhabitants of another island, who for centuries have equally suffered from Spanish domination and misrule, has received here but little attention. The writer refers to the revolution which for over two years has been going on in the Philippine Islands, the pearl of East Asia. In spite of the numerous reports which have appeared at times in the Spanish newspapers, the insurrection in the Philippine Islands has not been subdued. The latest reports received from Manila clearly show that the insurgents, under the leadership of General Aguinaldo, have defeated the Spaniards in a number of warm engagements which took place in the province of Pampango. It is true that the Spaniards have claimed to have won numerous

victories, but this contention on their part seems strange, in view of the fact that re-enforcements have been sent to the islands. General Blanco, the new captain-general in Cuba, was withdrawn from the Philippines because he was too lenient in dealing with the insurgents; and in his place was sent the cruel General Polavieja, who is responsible for the death of Dr. Rizal and Francisco Roxas, the insurgent leaders. Undaunted, however, by the death of these men, the revolutionists, over twenty-five thousand strong, are now preparing for an aggressive campaign in the province of Pampango.

The question has been asked, How is it that the uprising in the Philippine Islands has not met with the same brilliant success as the one in Cuba? The reason for this condition of affairs is due to the fact that up to this time the best elements of the population have not joined the cause of the insurgents. A large part of the people of the Philippines have refused to become a part of the revolutionary army because it is mainly composed of half-castes, the so-called "Mestizo Chinos," a mixture of native and Chinese blood, for whom the better classes of the islands have a profound contempt.

It had been the plan of the late President Marti, the Cuban leader, after the Cuban war had been put under way, to go to the Philippine Islands and organize the revolution there. He saw clearly that the half-caste leaders, General Aguinaldo and Dr. Rizal, while brave and patriotic, did not possess the necessary qualities to cope successfully with the Spaniards and to draw to their standards the aristocratic inhabitants of the islands. Unfortunately the death of the great Cuban leader put an end to the plan of co-operation which he had proposed. The result has been that a large number of young men, who should now be fighting for the liberty of their country, have remained in the Spanish army because they found it impossible to affiliate with the "Mestizo Chinos."

The same causes that led to the revolution in Cuba have produced the uprising in the Philippine Islands. For centuries the Spaniards have ruled the people with the same high-handed methods, with the same tyranny, injustice, systems of bribery, corruption, absolutism and oppression, as in Cuba. They have never been able to win the confidence of the natives; but, on the contrary, have considered them only with regard to their own enrichment and exploitation. Bribery is common not only in the custom-houses and the municipalities, but also in the courts. The judges of the tribunals are easily bought, and the average lawsuit takes from five to twenty years before it even comes to trial. It is utterly impossible for a person to win a lawsuit in the courts of the Philippine Islands unless he has much money and influence. The Governor-General, the ruler of the islands, in addition to the large salary which he receives, makes immense sums of money, and when he leaves the office carries away with him millions.

Then, too, hundreds of adventurers have come from Spain and have received fat positions and offices, while the sons of the Philippines are not allowed to hold office. The Spanish government also, in its efforts to keep the people of the islands completely in subjection, is assisted by the church and the priests. These are not alone the spiritual advisers of the people, but at the same time fulfill the functions of money-lenders and gamblers, who encourage cock-fighting, bull-fighting, and similar sports. So bitter has the feeling of the people become against the priests that in the recent outbreak in the province of Pampango, priests were dragged out of their convents and hanged.

The Philippine Islands consist of a large group. The principal one is the Island of Luzon, upon which is situated the

capital, Manila. Manila is a cosmopolitan city with a population of over four hundred thousand inhabitants. There can be found representatives of all nationalities of the world. It is a city having all modern improvements, such as horse-cars, electric lights, and railroads. Manila city is divided into two parts, the old and the new. The old part, having a population of between thirty and forty thousand, is the seat of a Spanish garrison and of the Spanish archbishop, while in the new part the foreigners reside.

The main industries of the island are the manufacture of cigars, and the production of tobacco, mangoes, bananas, guavas; of the celebrated flower "ilang-ilang," from which fine perfumes are made; coffee, manila paper, rice, indigo, and jute. Gold is found in considerable quantities in the Philippines. The climate is salubrious and healthful, and the average temperature in the summer is rarely over eighty degrees, with seventy degrees in the winter season.

The main population of the islands are the so-called Tagala, who are Catholics, and there are also many negroes and Chinese. A large part of the population is formed by the so-called "Mestizo Chinos," who have already been mentioned. The people of the islands are extremely hospitable and kind-hearted. They are easily led, and if properly treated by the Spaniards would be faithful to them. The natives are very musical, and love cock-fighting, bull-fighting, and gambling.

A large part of the trade of the islands is in the hands of the Chinese. They are the biggest merchants in Manila, and have gained much power and influence by paying liberally for important concessions which have been granted them by the Spaniards. It is an interesting fact to note in this connection that no merchants of Manila get more credit from European houses than do the Chinese traders.

The Philippine Islands have also attracted attention recently by numerous earthquakes, typhoons, and cyclones, which at all times have caused terrible havoc and destruction. The last destructive earthquake occurred in 1880, and great damage was done. Cholera is of frequent occurrence in the islands, being brought from China.

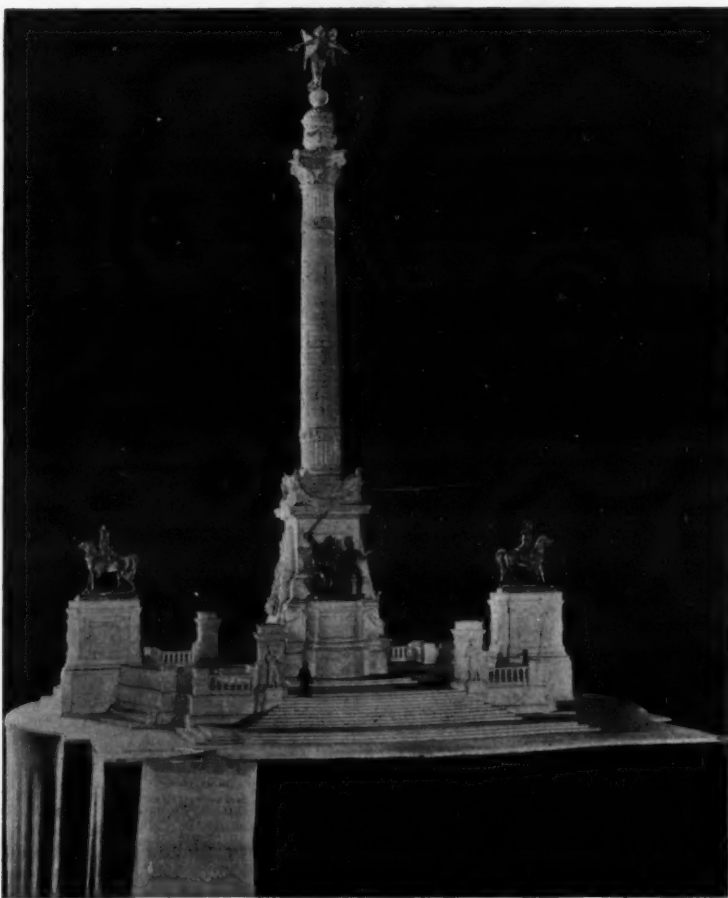
There are very few Americans at the present time living in the Philippine Islands. They have been driven away by the unjust treatment of the Spaniards. One large steamship company was compelled to seek protection from the British government, and since that time has not been troubled by the Spaniards. The American consul who until recently represented the United States at Manila was not fitted for the post. It is hoped that the new consul recently appointed by President McKinley will represent the United States to better advantage.

A NATIVE OF THE PHILIPPINE ISLANDS.

A New Monument.

THE soldiers' and sailors' memorial monument, to be erected at the Fifth Avenue Plaza entrance to the Central Park, New York City, will take the form here pictured. The photograph shows the model of the winning design, submitted by Messrs. C. W. and A. A. Stoughton, and chosen by the committee from the eight competitive designs offered. Each competitor was allowed to associate with himself a sculptor to aid in the making of the design. The Stoughtons selected Macmonnies, of Bacchante fame, and the success of the design was partly due to his artistic efforts.

The act of the Legislature providing for the erection of the memorial appropriates two hundred and fifty thousand dollars for the work, and the site, which was selected in the fall of 1895



SOLDIERS' AND SAILORS' MONUMENT.

by the park board, is the circular flower-bed just north of the entrance to the park at Fifty-ninth Street and Fifth Avenue.

The general scheme is that of a column large enough to have dignity from its mass, standing on a pedestal ornamented with

architectural enrichments, figures, groups, and inscriptions; the whole placed on a platform, with balustrades, pedestals, seats, steps, etc., to form a proper setting, and to enhance the effect of the monument itself; the whole treated in the most architectural and ornamental manner from the points of view of the architect and the sculptor.

Facts about Life Insurance.

TWENTY-FIVE years ago the life-insurance business was of minor importance. The holding of a life-insurance policy was confined to a few—mostly of the well-to-do class. To-day it is safe to say that among the thrifty citizens of the United States the holders of life-insurance policies are in the majority. It is a peculiar fact, however, that the public press pays very little attention to the life-insurance business, as far as the publication of information of value to the general reader is concerned. LESLIE'S WEEKLY was the first publication of consequence to take up for critical analysis the conditions, prospects, and promises of the various life-insurance companies that were competitors for business.

The series of articles which I wrote for this paper several years ago called attention to the fact that the majority of the so-called life-insurance companies were not conducted on the highest plane of honor and honesty. I warned the readers of this paper years ago of the impending downfall of the "Iron Hall," and of all other similar associations that promised to give to their members much more than could be given on any reasonable basis of invested capital, or on the basis of the average duration of human life. Readers of this paper will recall the severe criticism to which I was subjected by some of the members of the "Iron Hall," because of the plainness with which the facts regarding that so-called insurance order were set forth in these columns. We have seen since that time the sudden downfall of the organization, with all the train of evils that resulted. We have seen the downfall of many other so-called insurance associations, and the widespread loss occasioned among the masses comprising those who had so little to spare that even a small loss was a serious hardship.

The so-called assessment companies have in recent years, largely under the compulsion of stricter State regulation, sought to place themselves on a more substantial basis, and yet it cannot be denied that the drift of the tide is against the assessment companies as they have been constituted in the past. Life insurance to really insure must cost more than the assessment companies believe it should. The great assessment associations like the Massachusetts Benefit and the Bay State Beneficiary, which thrived for so many years, and which were placed upon what was deemed to be a very substantial basis, have had to meet the fate that has befallen so many of their predecessors.

It may be set down as axiomatic that the life-insurance business cannot be done on any plan which does not provide for the future as well as for the present. Who has not been victimized by some of the brood of mushroom companies that sprung up a few years ago, offering to pay from one hundred to one thousand dollars in cash to members who would contribute a few dollars in monthly, bi-monthly, or annual payments? Of course, if the membership were sufficiently large a few could receive the benefit at the expiration of the benefit term, but as soon as the roll of beneficiaries grew large enough to deplete the treasury all the late-comers who were not on that roll were left to whistle for their money. The promoters made the profit and the members were the dupes.

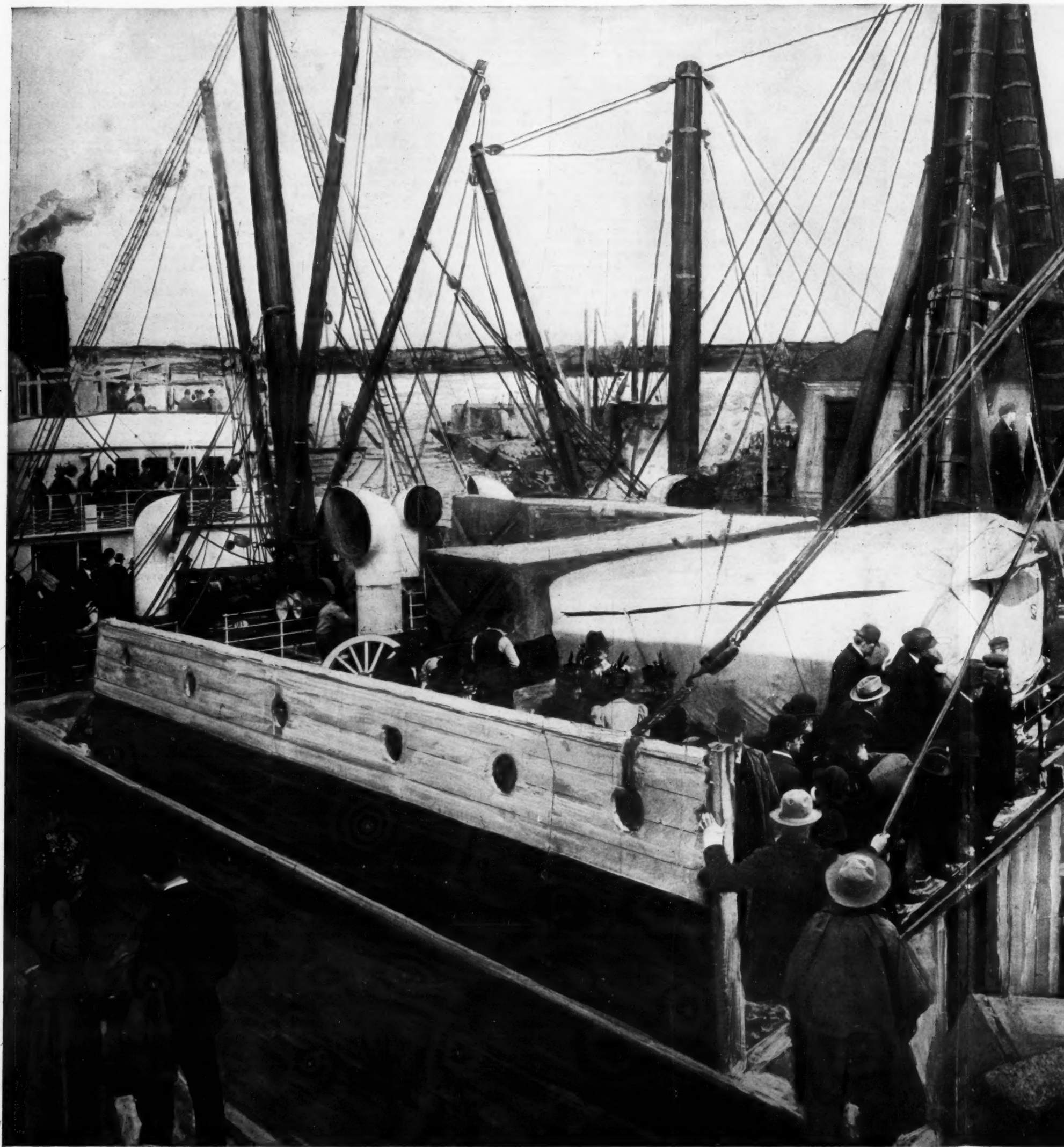
I doubt if any swindles in the world's history have been worked more successfully, more generally, or to a greater extent than the crafty schemes which have been put forth in the United States under the guise of insurance and life-benefit orders. What has become of all the fanciful endowment and benefit orders that we have heard of in the past, whose flaming prospectuses were scattered broadcast to entice the unwary—who were taught to believe that the regular insurance companies were charging too much, and that all the old-line companies were swindlers and impostors.

It is my purpose in these columns, from week to week, to answer inquiries regarding the life-insurance business, and to tell the public plainly and truthfully the facts regarding the real condition of life-insurance and benefit concerns. I am not one of those who believe that the eminent Joseph Choate, of New York, was entirely justified in his vicious attack on the life-insurance business, made by him during his argument in the income-tax case in the Supreme Court at Washington a couple of years ago, when he said that a mutual insurance company was nothing but a "moneyed monster"; that "it lives upon money, it swallows money, it digests money, and it breathes money." Nor when he added these biting words:

"It lays golden eggs by the basketful every day, and then it coils a few lengths of its person about them for the purpose of hatching them and carrying on the process of breeding *ad infinitum*. It creates trust companies, it owns trust companies—more than one; it creates banks—more than one; it owns the stock of the trust companies and banks, and through them it does all manner of business in which money institutions engage. It builds railroads. It is the medium of the emission of great issues of railroad bonds upon which the railroads are built. More than that, it is the chief factor in the reorganization of railroads, that most profitable industry of modern civilization. It is the principal factor in the great benefit syndicates that are formed. I do not know whether the term syndicate has been judicially defined by this court, but as a classification the mutual insurance companies embrace them all. They not only own trust companies and banks and railroads and telegraph lines, but they control Legislatures; they control Congress."

Those are pretty strong words for so conservative a man as Mr. Choate to use, and I am free to say that they do not properly apply to all the life-insurance companies, however true they may be regarding some. The great misfortune of the life-insurance business is that the reputable companies do not reach the public as they should through the public mediums which are read. The charges so freely made against life-insurance companies are based mainly on the false and misleading statements not of the companies themselves, but of their agents, who in the pursuit of business very often overstep the boundaries of truth.

The Hermit.



A MODERN NOAH'S ARK—EMBARKATION ON A TRANSATLANTIC STEAMSHIP

THE WORLD-FAMOUS CIRCUS AND MENAGERIE OF BARNUM & BAILEY HAS JUST BEEN SHIPPED TO ENGLAND. THE ANIMALS, INCLUDING SEVERAL PAIRS OF ELEPHANTS, ARE LOADED ONTO THE SHIP BY MEANS OF A GIANT DERRICK, AS SHOWN IN THE PHOTOGRAPH.



ATLANTIC STEAMER OF "THE GREATEST SHOW ON EARTH."

INCLUDING SEVERAL LARGE ELEPHANTS, WERE SWUNG INTO THE HOLD OF THE STEAMSHIP "MASSACHUSETTS," AT HER NEW YORK DOCK, BRICK, AS SHOWN IN THE PICTURE.

Guadalupe Day in Mexico.

THE saintly patroness of the common people of old Mexico is Our Lady of Guadalupe, and the little town of that name, near the City of Mexico, is yearly the scene of a remarkable demonstration. Three hundred and sixty-six years ago, on the 12th of December, there appeared, it is averred by the faithful, a vision of the Virgin to Juan Diego, a lowly shepherd, as did the Christ-telling angels on the hills of Bethlehem centuries before. In proof of the divine apparition, there is still preserved in the magnificent temple erected on the spot the rough *tilma* blanket of henequin worn by the shepherd, and on which



THE STONE STAIRWAY AT GUADALUPE.

is impressed the likeness of the gracious visitor.

Elaborate preparations have been made for the celebration, this year, of the anniversary of the reputed appearance of the heavenly messenger, and it is likely the occasion will see fifty thousand pilgrims from all parts of the Southern republic gathered about the sumptuous cathedral, which marks the most sacred spot in Mexico. Large numbers of the *peones* come afoot great distances to pay their vows and do penance by putting themselves to torture; and hundreds of visitors are present to look upon the unique sight during the four days having their culmination on the night of the 12th of December.

It is two miles from the capital city to the temple, and the stony way is often accomplished by *penitentes* crawling the entire distance on hands and knees, while moaning out their petitions, before presenting themselves at the shrine for pardon. Others crawl up the sacred hill of Guadalupe over the rough stone stairway to the summit, along which are planted stations for prayers, while some zealots cut themselves and whip their blood-quivering backs with spikes and cactus-thorned rods as they toil along. The system of self-torture is rapidly dying out from the public view, as the government frowns upon all open demonstrations of worship.

Within a short distance of the church are a multitude of gambling-booths and pits given up to cock-fighting, which, by the seductive attractions they offer to the worshippers, prove formidable competitors to the Masses said in the sanctuary. Market-booths line the way leading to the door of the shrine, and pulque drinking-places and pickpockets abound.

Everything about Guadalupe is on a scale of splendor, and it is almost all paid for by the pennies of the devout poor, with an occasional memorial from the rich. The cathedral cost over a million of dollars for the structure alone, and its rich furnishings represent fully as much more. The splendid altar is em-



HOLY WELL AT GUADALUPE.

paled by a massive railing of solid silver, weighing twenty-six tons; the altar canopy is of the finest Carrara marble, supported by columns of Scotch granite, each weighing seven tons; the sculptured walls are hung with beautiful paintings costing several thousands of dollars each, and the rich gleam of gold and glint of jewels is manifest everywhere.

The largest interest to a visitor attaches to a rough piece of canvas, six feet long by three in width, bearing the alleged divine painting representing the Virgin. This is held by a frame of beaten gold above the altar, and, although nearly four centuries old, preserves its colors and outlines to a wonderful degree. Many noted artists who have closely examined it have been un-

able to agree whether the coloring be from oil, or some pigment now unknown to art.

A *furor* has lately been caused in the Catholic Church in Mexico by the assertion, by the bishop of Tamaulipas, that Our Lady of Guadalupe is a pious fraud, and that his brethren of the clergy are willfully perpetuating the sham by which the ignorant have been deluded for centuries. The bishop was retired to private life, and the dispute referred to Rome for decision.

Near the temple is the holy well where, it is averred, a spring of healing water gushed from the rock when the vision appeared to the wondering shepherd. The well is inclosed by a beautiful stone canopy, and the water is reputed to be a cure for all fleshly ills. Bottles of it are carried for hundreds of miles to sufferers unable to visit the fount.

On the brow of the hill is erected a lofty ship's mast with sails all spread, in stone, placed there by a wealthy Mexican family as a votive offering for the safe return to the port of Vera Cruz of a richly-cargoed sailing-vessel, which had been reported as lost at sea with all on board. The summit of the hill is the burying-place for a number of noted Mexicans, including that of General Santa Anna, prominently identified with the war between Mexico and the United States, the concluding treaty of which was signed in the Guadalupe barracks.

EDWARD PAGE GASTON.



THE STONE SAILS AT GUADALUPE.

The Great Department Shops of Paris.

PARIS is recognized the world over as the ideal place for shopping, and consequently its large shops have become the finest institutions of their kind in existence, built up as they have been by foreign trade.

There are five great department shops in Paris that absorb nearly all the trade, and which are fast crushing out the little shops. These huge bazaars are conducted on the most approved plan, quite different from other shops of the world, for instead of belonging, like the American shops, to rich merchants, they are made into huge stock companies, with the almost countless employes as shareholders, all directed by a central organization, receiving their share of all the profits, and consequently taking the utmost interest in the establishment and its sales; for it is their own pockets they are looking after.

Everything is marked at a fixed price, and everything possible is done to please and accommodate the customer, so that she will return again and again. A woman may shop all one day and the next day fetch everything back and have all her money returned amiably, without a question or a moment's bother. Even things that are cut—a metre of lace or ribbon, or a few metres of cloth—are taken back just the same, and afterward sold as coupons. Purchases are delivered promptly and in perfect condition, with the most charming packing arrangements of white tissue paper, attractive boxes, and little ribbons.

In the old days in Paris everything went by barter in the shops, and this form of trading still exists in the small shops, so that one is never quite sure, in trading in them, of getting her money's worth, for, after having beaten the price away down, one is still haunted by the thought that it might have been bought cheaper elsewhere.

The merchants of these small shops complain bitterly because the great *magasins* take away their trade, but it is easy to understand that the public does not care to be cheated when it can be sure of a fair bargain in a comfortable shop, where all the novelties are sure to be offered first.

The Institute of France has given a great deal of attention of late to this crushing down of the small shops by the large *magasins*, and it has determined to levy larger taxes on the great establishments, being, as they are, a menace to the accumulation of petty shops. The *magasins* can afford easily to far undersell the small tradesman because the general expenses are greatly reduced by being massed together, and because the buying is done in such immense quantities at the manufactories. Some of the deputies went so far even as to say that the great shops were socialist breeders, and that a second commune might eventually result.

Of late, however, many of the small shop-keepers of the boulevards have closed their business and applied to the great bazaars for employment, and have grown to be richer, and better even, in consequence; for bartering ruins a man's disposition and makes him mean and deceitful.

In the large shops each salesman receives a commission on each sale, besides his salary, which for a new employe is sixteen pounds a year, with his lodging and meals. His commissions usually average about equal to his salary. These commissions keep a man from being lazy, for it is for his own particular interest for him to sell. The more sales he makes the quicker he is advanced, and as the position of *chef de rayon*, or head of a department, is looked upon as a very important one,

every man and woman in the establishment strives eagerly for it. These *chefs* do the buying for their various departments, and go to London and Lyons and Brussels to make purchases, another commission being given here as a reward for making clever bargains with the manufacturers. A *chef* makes easily from five hundred to six hundred pounds a year, and many of them exceed a thousand pounds. Thus the best-paid among the higher employes receive larger salaries than the presidents of sections in the Council of State and generals of divisions.

All the employes receive their meals in the shops, except the highest *chefs*, who are allowed to have their meals outside, receiving an allowance of thirty-two pounds a year in the way of commutation of rations. Married employes also are allowed to dine at home, and receive one franc a day.

The meals consist of one variety of meat, all the vegetables and bread that are desired, dessert, and a pint of good claret. Soup is added for dinner and two kinds of meat are served.

Medical service for the employes is also given free, and includes an infirmary and sufficient outings in the country or at the seashore.

There is a pension fund besides all these favors, and when a man or woman completes a period of seven years of service a sum of one thousand francs is credited to him or her in the pension fund, and afterwards eight pounds a year are given, up to the fiftieth year of service. The savings fund of the Bon Marché now amounts to four hundred thousand dollars, and forty thousand dollars are added annually. In addition to this there is a pension fund founded by Madame Boucicault which now amounts to one million two hundred thousand dollars.

In the Bon Marché are now employed fifteen thousand eight hundred people, to all of whom good salaries are being paid. The great shop was founded in 1852 by Madame Boucicault, and the first year's business amounted to fifty thousand dollars; it now passes fifty million dollars, and the revenues are enormous.

This has all come of accommodating the public in every possible way. Honest dealing goes a long way, and the great shop is now famous the world over, its trade extending to every civilized country. People living in the French provinces trade wholly with the great Paris shops by letter, all parcels being sent free of express charges and delivered promptly. Parcels are also sent to London free, and more than half the trade of the Bon Marché is carried on outside of Paris.

The first of these great fixed-price shops came into existence in 1830, and commenced the great revolution in shopping the world over. This shop was La Belle Jardinière, which still exists and is one of the five great shops, being still in the hands of the family which started it.

The name, meaning "Beautiful Garden Girl," is an instance of the elaborate titles given to the great Paris bazaars. "Aux Bonheur des Enfants" is the title of a large toy-shop; "Le Cypres" is a great mourning house, and another establishment of the same order is called "La Scribuse," the name of a little flower used for strewing upon graves in France. The "Printemps" and the "Carnival de Venise" are two other famous shops with old names.

MABEL C. HASKELL.

New York's Remarkable Speedway for Fast Horses.

NEW YORK has another sight for visitors, another attraction for its own citizens, in the three-million-dollar Harlem speedway which is nearing completion. The metropolis provides parks for all the people, museums and free lectures for those who are interested in literature and art, pier roof-gardens for the enjoyment of the poor, public baths for the cleanly-disposed but impecunious, and now it has furnished the owners of blooded and fast horses with a noble race-course for the display of form and speed.

The demand for such a course took form in the Legislature about eight years ago. Contentions about the location of the speedway marked the next stage. The preponderance of opinion was in favor of a road along the Harlem River, but there were differences as to which bank should be selected. It could have been constructed on the right bank with comparative cheapness, but the land on that side will some time be in demand for commercial purposes. Work on the left bank, with its great ledges of rock and almost bottomless pits, was more expensive. The topography, however, is such that business and commerce will avoid it for at least a century—hence the left shore was determined upon. Plans were made by Charles H. Graham, an engineer of eminence. He followed the directions of the majority of the then park commissioners, who had the work in charge, and made plans for a speedway without sidewalks. Paul Dana, the editor of the *Sun*, who was one of the commissioners, very properly protested against the omission. He declared that people who had no horses and who possessed admiration for the horse should be afforded facilities for admiring the displays upon the speedway, and he succeeded in causing the plans to be abandoned. Afterwards the Legislature so amended the speedway law as to compel provision to be made for sidewalks.

New plans were prepared, and in the winter of 1894 work on the Harlem River Speedway was actually commenced. There were variances among park commissioners, constructing-engineer, and contractors. When the present Board of Park Commissioners was appointed the work was suspended and a commission of engineers was appointed to investigate the construction. Numerous defects were found. Mr. Graham, weary of the strife, resigned. Professor W. H. Burr, of Columbia University, was appointed consulting-engineer, and work was resumed under his supervision in December, 1895, and, with some changes in the plans, has since been carried on with vigor.

The driveway extends from One Hundred and Fifty-fifth Street to Dyckman Street, passing under High and Washington bridges. It is a little more than two miles long. The width of the roadway varies somewhat. Generally, it is ninety feet wide. The sidewalks are about eighteen feet wide. There are three masonry passages under the roadway by which pedestrians can cross from one side to the other without danger. The work was divided into two sections, the first extending from One Hundred and Fifty-fifth Street to High Bridge, and the second from High Bridge to Dyckman Street. The latter has

been completed, and was opened to the public on the 16th instant. The former probably will be ready in a few weeks.

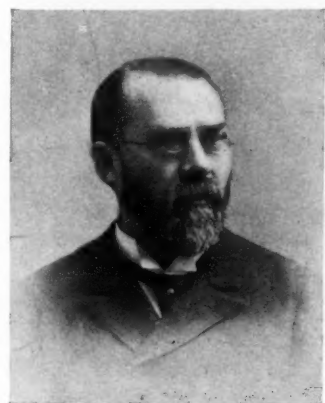
Probably no other road in the world has cost as much to make as this has, viz., nearly one and a half million dollars per mile. There were five hundred and twenty thousand yards of excavation, principally rock; seven hundred thousand yards of filling, seven hundred and thirty thousand yards of dredging, ten thousand yards of rock excavation below water, six million cubic feet of crib work, fifty-two thousand cubic yards of stone masonry, thirty thousand lineal yards of piling, fifty thousand cubic yards of garden mould; and other figures are as large in proportion. The east side of the speedway is protected by a masonry retaining-wall and timber crib-work. Along this side also are what are called planting-trenches, each ten yards wide, for grass, shrubbery, and trees.

The speedway is designed entirely for pleasure and fast driving. No teaming will be permitted. The surface of the road is of hard earth laid on a bed of twelve inches of broken stone, so that it will be drained perfectly. This construction makes it practically a race-track, and it will be managed with the care and thoroughness that mark the best tracks in the country. The superintendent is Captain McDonald, who has been for years prominent in the driving interests.

This speedway, the most costly and the best in the country, becomes a factor in metropolitan life at a time when the possibilities of the bicycle, horseless car and carriage, etc., are beginning to be appreciated. Possibly its opening will mark the beginning of an era when the horse will cease to be a drudge.

Ice-bound Whalers To Be Rescued by Reindeer.

"THE country has suddenly realized the value of tame reindeer in Alaska. The sending of relief to the American whalers



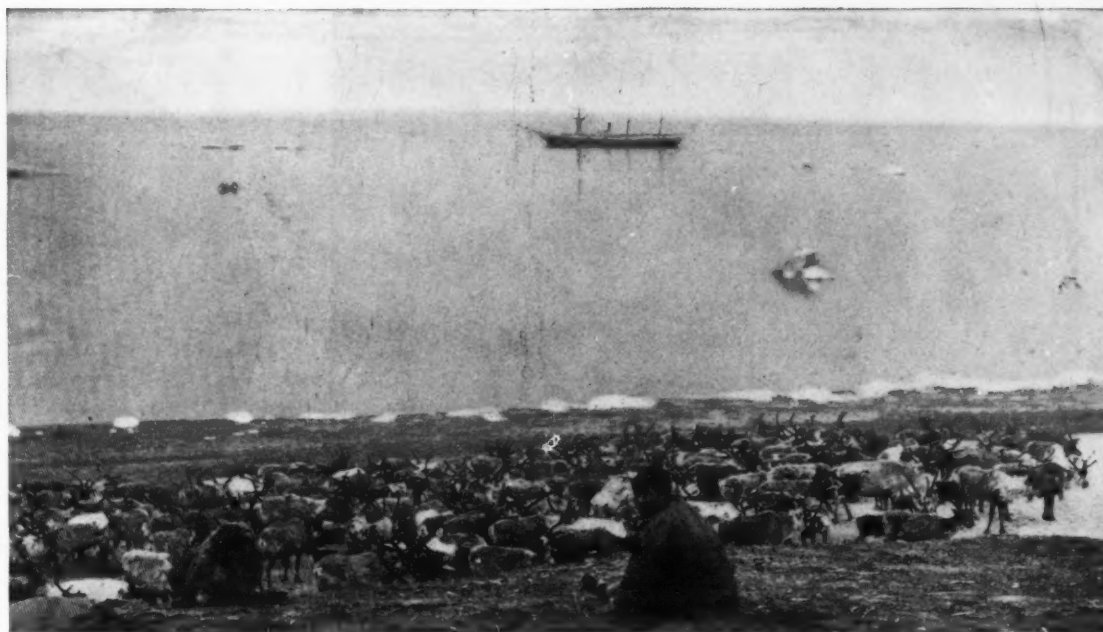
DR. SHELDON JACKSON.

imprisoned in the Arctic Sea by means of reindeer, and the hauling of provisions by reindeer to the starving miners on the Yukon, has demonstrated the importance of the animal in the future development of Alaska." So says Dr. Sheldon Jackson, of the Department of the Interior, Educational Agent for Alaska, in a letter to the writer concerning the United States relief expedition to some three hundred American seamen, the crews of eight whaling vessels, now perilously

prisoned in the ice-pack near Point Barrow.

When the news of the whalers' predicament—they were provisioned only for a three-months' cruise and had purposed returning to the United States this fall—first reached Washington the Cabinet turned to Dr. Jackson for advice as to an overland expedition to Point Barrow. It was owing to his initiative that the project of importing reindeer from Siberia and maintaining herds at the government stations in Alaska was originally undertaken. He told Secretary Alger that only by means of reindeer could relief supplies be transported to the whalers.

By the time these lines reach the public the United States revenue-cutter *Bear* will be on her way from Seattle to Unalaska and points still farther north, to fulfill her mission of



A CONSIGNMENT OF REINDEER FROM SIBERIA.

mercy. The fact, however, that but for the presence of reindeer herds in Alaska—a circumstance due entirely to the foresight of Dr. Jackson—there would practically be no way of reaching these three hundred isolated mariners whom death stares in the face, lends a special interest to the information received by the writer from Dr. Jackson, and which is descriptive of the introduction of the deer into Alaska, of their characteristics as substitutes for horses and dogs as carriers, and of the methods that will prevail in utilizing them during the present emergency.

Six years ago the reindeer-breeding project was carried into effect, the revenue-cutter *Bear* bringing the first consignment from Siberia. There are now five herds, mainly distributed among the various missionary stations. The total number aggregates eleven hundred, and the yearly importations of fresh stock, which have been kept up regularly from the start, will hereafter be in charge of a purchasing party stationed at Mechigme Bay, on the Siberian coast.

A most important part of the reindeer colonization scheme thus inaugurated by Dr. Jackson was the importation of Laplanders to teach the Alaska natives how to handle and care for the deer.

The revenue-cutter *Bear* will be unable, owing to the season, to do more than carry the relief expedition north to whatever point upon the main land may be deemed most favorable as a starting place for the overland journey. And as the principal method to be adopted will consist in driving a herd of reindeer to Point Barrow, to serve as a food supply for the whalers, it will be interesting to note the general incidents of a long and arduous trip made across Alaska in September, 1896, with a herd of these animals, some of which were used as teams for the sleds. The writer derives his information from Dr. Jackson. There were ten persons in the party, including two native herders and a Laplander, and the trip extended from Point Clarence to Golovin Bay. The sleds were cumbersome, and much of the route was rough, but the deer made good speed, drawing an average weight of three hundred pounds. It was discovered that one deer would

haul more than a team of dogs, and that, by hitching each behind the other, a single man could handle half a dozen sleds. When the party went into camp at night the deer could be left to themselves, turned loose to browse upon the wild moss, and were certain to be found there in the morning. Descending very steep hills was exciting work; the *lougee*, or reins, were tied to the rear of the sled, and the deer, otherwise unharnessed, would fly down the incline at a breakneck rate of speed, bracing themselves with their fore feet and pulling backwards. A whirl of snow, like the tail of a comet, would follow in their wake. Driving the herd was found to be simple work, as the deer bunch like a flock of sheep, and a single Laplander controlled a large herd with as much ease as a man can drive a team of horses. When harnessed to sleds the reindeer, if driven by an inexperienced hand, were prone to indulge in tricks very similar to those of horses, but the instant a trained Alaskan took them in tow they became docile. Camping out at night could be accomplished in comfort, even in a temperature of seventy-three degrees below zero, by the use of fur clothing and the regular Arctic sleeping-bags of reindeer skin.

The *Bear* expedition will have a perilous mission, for there will be barren mountains to scale, icy waters of mountain

torrents to ford, and paths to cut through tangled underbrush. As regards his route, Captain Francis Tuttle, of the *Bear*, is left to his own discretion; the Treasury Department merely suggests several possible routes. These may be seen traced upon the accompanying map. From Seattle he will proceed to Unalaska, thence north to Norton Sound, and land, if possible, between Cape Nome and Cape Prince of Wales. At the latter place and at Rodney the overland expedition can obtain the herd of deer to be driven to Point Barrow, where the ice-beleaguered whalers are. Cape Prince of Wales has a herd of two hundred and fifty-three head. A native expedition will be organized to drive the herd to Point Barrow, and a part of the landing expedition from the *Bear* will go with it. The rest of the *Bear* contingent, detaching at Kotzebue Sound, will proceed to Point



CAPTAIN FRANCIS TUTTLE,
U. S. R. C. B.

Hope and secure guides and provisions, thence pushing on to Point Barrow and effecting a junction there with the party having charge of the herd. If any of the whalers should have made their way to Point Hope the division of the rescuers will insure succor at both ends of the line. Should a landing be found impracticable at any point on Norton Sound it may be attempted at Cape Vancouver, or at Nunivak Island, whence the ice can be crossed to the main land. Other alternative landing-points suggested are Bristol Bay, between Cape Newenham and Ugashik. From this coast the objective point overland would be Unalaklik, en route to Points Hope and Barrow. If the ice precludes landing anywhere on the Alaskan coast of Behring Sea the expedition may proceed by way of Katmai, Shelikoff Strait.

In any event, it will be impracticable to bring the rescued whalers to the United States before August of next year, when the revenue-cutter *Bear* will be able to reach Point Barrow by water.
THOMAS DONNELLY.

A New Cure for Asthma.

MEDICAL science at last reports a positive cure for Asthma in the Kola Plant, found on the Congo River, West Africa. So great is their faith in its wonderful curative powers, the Kola Importing Company, 1164 Broadway, New York, are sending out large trial cases of the Kola Compound free to all sufferers from Asthma. Send your name and address on postal card, and they will send you a trial case by mail free.

Never Makes a Mistake.

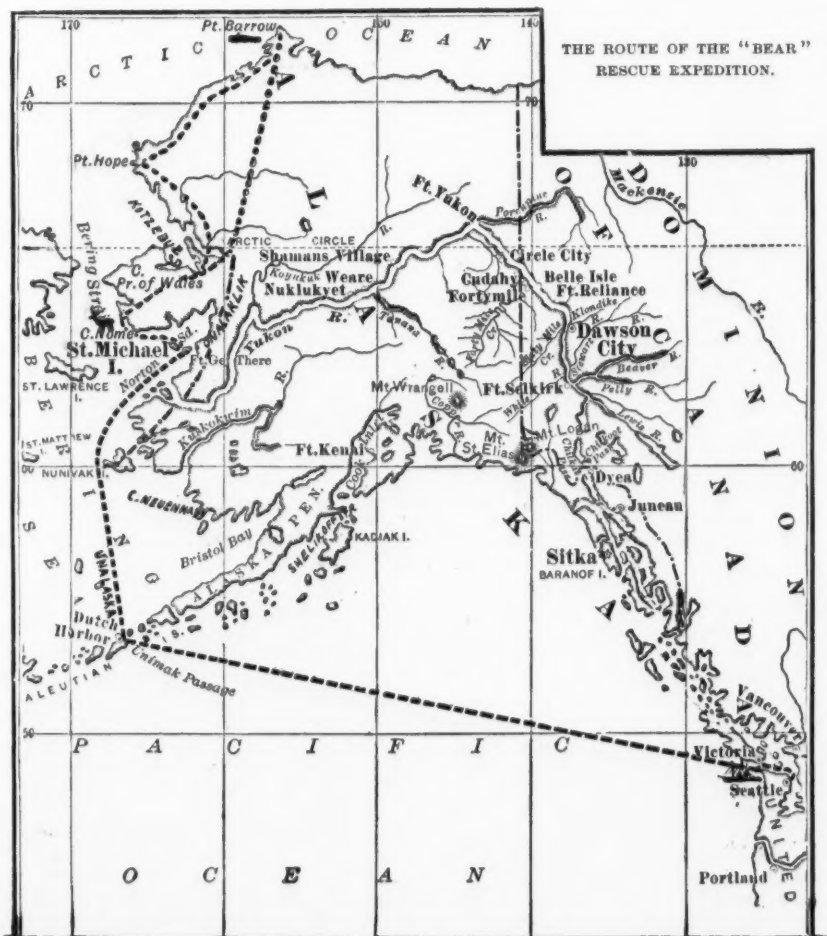
It is a great thing to have a servant who never makes a mistake. The value of such a servant is simply beyond price; and such a servant is the Royal Baking Powder. It never fails to do its work properly when put to raise bread, rolls, cake, biscuit, or other food. Other baking powders, like some servants, sometimes make a miss of it. Royal never.

A perfect baking powder must have three virtues. It must be without alum and pure and wholesome; it must have high leavening power, so as to make the food light and flaky; and it must be able to retain all its leavening gas until required for use, so that its action in raising food will be always uniform. All these qualities housekeepers say they find in Royal.

The keeping quality of a baking powder is of special importance. Most powders, if not used when first made, are found to be ineffective. If kept even a few weeks they lose their leavening power and become comparatively valueless.

The superior keeping quality of the Royal arises from the chemical purity of its ingredients and its perfect combination. It is a baking powder of science, of highest leavening power, pure and wholesome.

A servant who never makes a mistake is a priceless boon in any family, and so is the Royal Baking Powder. Thousands and thousands of housekeepers all over the world know this to be true, and will have no other brand at any price.





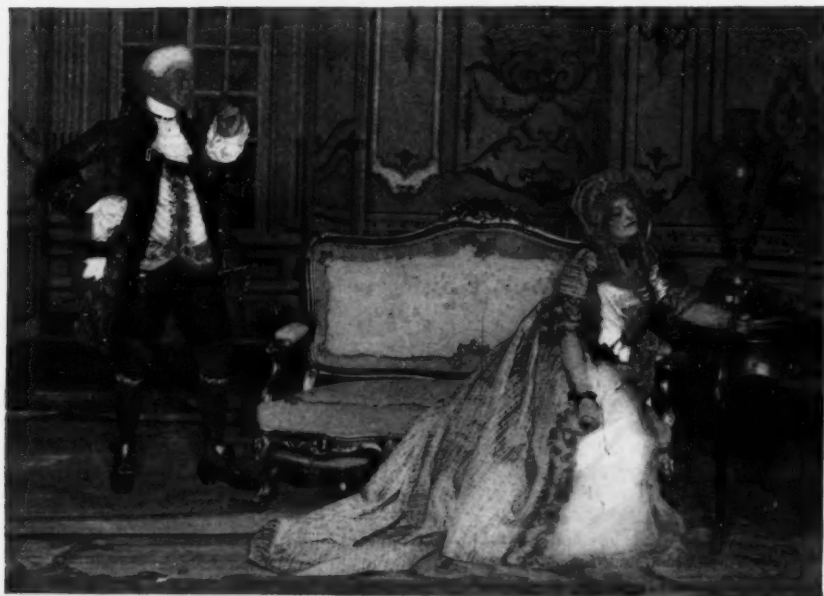
JULIA ARTHUR AS "CLORINDA," AND SCOT INGLIS AS THE "DUKE OF OSMONDE," IN "A LADY OF QUALITY," AT WALLACK'S THEATRE. Photograph by Pach.



JULIA ARTHUR. Photogravure after the copyright photograph by Aimé Dupont.



JOHN DREW AND COMPANY IN "A MARRIAGE OF CONVENIENCE" AT THE EMPIRE THEATRE.—FINAL TABLEAU, ACT IV. Photograph by Byron.



JOHN DREW AND ISABEL IRVING AS THE "COUNT AND COUNTESS DE CANDALE," IN "A MARRIAGE OF CONVENIENCE," EMPIRE THEATRE. Photograph by Byron.



Alice Johnson as *Dr. Laredo*. May Irwin as the *Countess de Cagliac*. Marion Giroux as *Mlle. Otello*. SCENE FROM "THE SWELL MISS FITZWELL," AT THE BIJOU THEATRE. Photograph by E. Chickering, Boston.

SOME REAL ATTRACTIONS OF THE STAGE.

It is impossible to wail over the decadence of the drama and the art of acting in the presence of such a varied feast as is set before the metropolitan public at present. Evidently the theatre-goers are unanimously of like opinion, since night after night they crowd to see Julia Arthur in "A Lady of Quality," John Drew in "A Marriage of Convenience," and May Irwin as "The Swell Miss Fitzwell"—to mention only the latest novelties, and say nothing of the long-drawn-out triumphs of "The Little Minister," "Cumberland, '61," "The First-born," "An American Citizen," "The Geisha," and "A Stranger in New York."

Miss Arthur's brilliant personal success is happily associated with the assured vogue of a fine, full-blooded, picturesque, and dramatic play—which "A Lady of Quality" undeniably is.

It is not really a detraction from the praise justly due Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett as author, to recognize that the splendid *Clorinda Wildairs* created by Miss Arthur on the stage is more plausible and generally acceptable than the corresponding character in the original story. The novelist's merely literary work is nothing to what she, the same novelist, achieved in making her fictitious personages instinct with dramatic life, and thus giving opportunities to the actors. A serious analysis, not necessarily favorable, might but need not here be devoted to the ethics and morality of this play. Let it suffice to acknowledge that the superb scene of *Clorinda's* scorn and dismissal of *Ocon*, in Act II., would alone insure its survival.

"A Marriage of Convenience" is the elder Dumas's comedy masterpiece, "Un Mariage sous Louis XV.," adapted in English

with exquisite skill by Sydney Grundy. John Drew, of course, is the *Comte de Candale*. It takes his admirers some little time to grow accustomed to him in Louis Quinze guise; but he wears it as one to the manner born, and before the end of the first act his old artistic charm asserts itself. Supported as he is by a capable company, and with the elaborate *mise-en-scene* of the Empire Theatre, Mr. Drew in this agreeable new presentation has successfully scored again.

May Irwin's home-coming to the Bijou Theatre could not fail to be a joyous event, under any circumstances. It is signalized this time by the initial production of a new farcical *mélange* that Mr. H. A. Du Souchet dashed off in a careless moment. It does well enough. Anything would, with Miss Irwin, so long as she put in a dozen or two of her rag-time "coon" songs.

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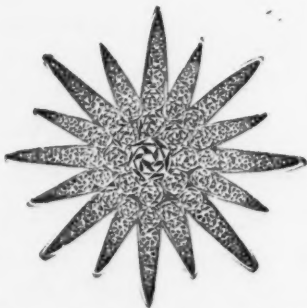
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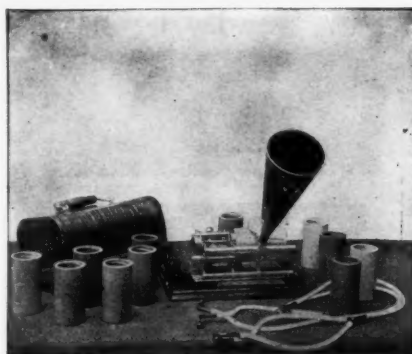
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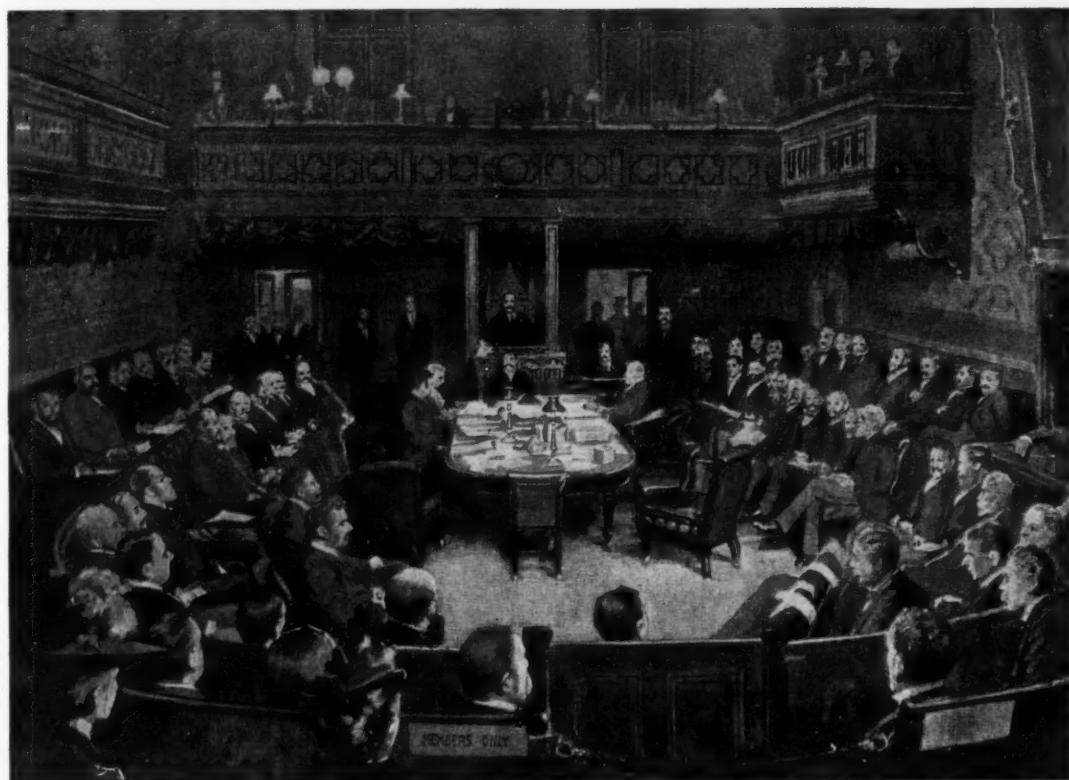
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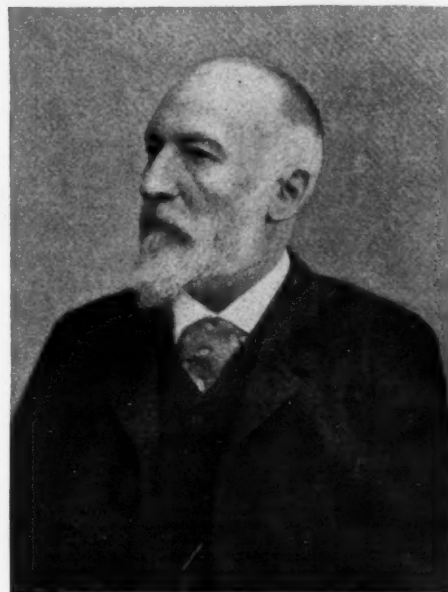
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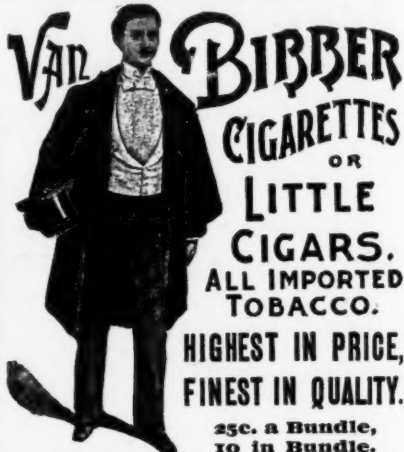
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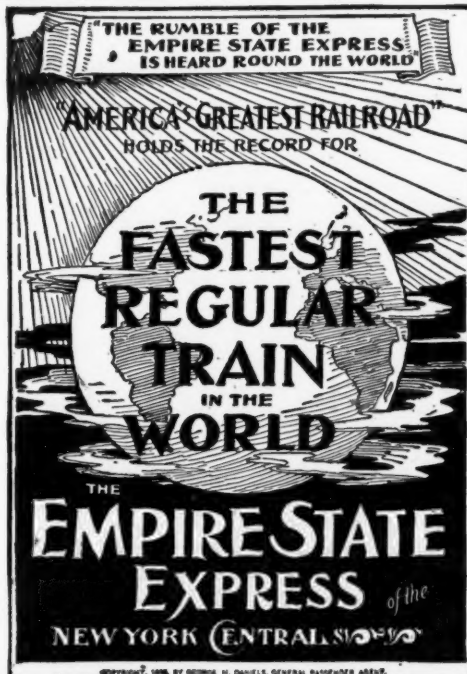
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